

# EAGLE

3 October 1964 Vol. 15 No. 40

EVERY  
WEDNESDAY 6d.

**ESPIONAGE!** ..... PAGE 2

*The secret of the  
HAUNTED FORT* ..... PAGE 8

**THE WORLD'S MOST  
GRUELLING RACE** ..... PAGE 16

*The guitar that makes  
the BEATLE BEAT!* ..... PAGE 18

## DAN DARE *Pilot of the Future* IN ALL TREENS MUST DIE!

Dan Dare believed that the Mekon's attack on Mekonta was inspired by the mysterious *Last Three of Venus*. One by one, he sought them out in the Flame Lands of Venus, hoping to divert the Mekon's forces, but they wouldn't listen . . .



THE EVIL MEKON WAS BESIEGING THE VENUSIAN CITY OF MEKONTA FROM A HUGE METAL FORTRESS SUBMERGED BENEATH THE LAKE

ALL HULL DAMAGE HAS BEEN REPAIRED, O MASTER!



THEN WE SHALL RISE TO THE SURFACE—AT ONCE!



PARTIES OF THE MEKON'S ARMED TREES WERE ALREADY IN THE CITY, AMONGST OF INHABITANTS GROVELLED IN SURRENDER.

BUT THE MEKON'S TROOPS ARE STILL FIRING—THEY'RE SHOWING NO MERCY!



# espionage!



Modern warfare has seen the birth of many fantastic, hideous and cunning weapons, but none are so fantastic as those developed for spies. For the man in trouble, there is a fountain pen that squirts tear gas to cover an escape.



For a spy on an assassination mission, there is a silent pistol that looks like a packet of cigarettes and which fires cyanide bullets through false tips. The trigger is a button at the end of the packet.



For information-gathering, the spy can use an automatic camera, so small and flat that it can be used unnoticed in the palm of the hand. And he can contact other spies with a radio transmitter no bigger.



For the saboteur, there is a grease which, smeared on the axles of lorries and trains, catches fire when the wheels turn. There are also bombs with fuses set to go off when they reach a certain altitude - deadly for planes taking off.



And there are many nuisance weapons - like a poison that can destroy a whole crop of wheat, and ground glass which slipped into a military laundry, can later cause a whole regiment of soldiers to break out into unbearable skin rashes.

## Puzzle Parade



### AN 'ELEPHANT' THROUGH A 'KEYHOLE'

It's easy to pass an elephant through a keyhole - if you can find a big enough keyhole, or a small enough elephant! Tell your pals you can climb through a playing card, before you proceed to show them how you do it. Do you know how it's done?

### INK QUESTION

A glass contains some red ink and another glass contains an equal quantity of blue ink. If you mix a tablespoonful of the red ink with the blue ink, and then take a tablespoonful of the blue-red mixture and stir this in with the red ink, will the red ink now contain more or less blue ink than red ink in the blue?

### MAGIC COUNTING

An old miser had ten golden sovereigns that he liked to arrange in a pattern where five different rows of four coins could be counted. He thought his money seemed more set out that way! Can you show how the miser arranged his sovereigns, by laying out ten pennies?

### ARCH PROBLEM

Guess which of these arch-like curves is wider.



### THE CURIOUS DRINK

How can a boy drink the lemonade from a bottle, without pulling out the cork, breaking the bottle, or making a hole in either the bottle or the cork?

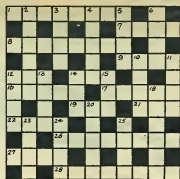
ANSWERS ON PAGE 7

### ACROSS

- World champion grand prix motor-racing driver (1, 3)
- This chee number isn't (4)
- Surname of our leading tennis-player (8)
- Sailed to the Kenya Equatorial (4)
- Noticed a carpenter's seal (3)
- Parish (3)
- How - (5)
- Dance from RHODESIA (5)
- River on which Perth is Scotland line (7)
- Scatter seed for a greedy female (3)
- Indian head man's way of life (6)
- Homely variety of savarin-baking! (8)
- Slight error made by a student (6)
- Fun whose two main causes (3)

### DOWN

- Old Testament prophet (6)
- Lion's den in the West (4)
- 'Two six' (telegram) in Middlesex town (5)
- Obelisk in the Nile delta (4)
- Many a ship has come to grief on one (4)
- Plough, and lives in the poor (6)
- End of a cold spell (4)
- Don't get (4)
- Player on the - must be able to fly (4)
- Shakespeare's first name (3)
- Thimble (3)
- Shakespeare's first name (3)
- Good-bye to the French! (5)
- Your head may be after dabbling with the book (4)
- Small venomous snake (4)
- Male deer (4)

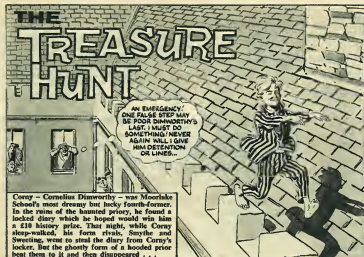


## WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

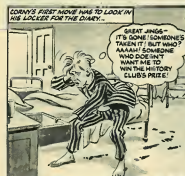
THE British border guards in West Berlin are used to refugees rushing across the border into their territory, but they had a shock the other day. One of the Russian border guards made a dramatic escape bid across a canal. The British watched him swimming towards them with Communist bullets singing over his head. At last he made the bank - and freedom. And then they saw the escaping guard in close-up. It was Hasso - reckoned by the British to be their best guard-dog!

IF all the bank notes in circulation in Britain last Christmas were piled on top of each other - they would reach nearly 150 miles into the sky! There are usually about 24 billion of them in people's pockets at Christmas.

THE shortest names for towns anywhere in the world are Y and A - a French and a Norwegian settlement. They could hardly be shorter! But there are two villages in Scotland called Ae and Oa and two in Kentucky, America, called Rd and Ux. The only record of a single-letter surname is that of a Frenchman named O. I wonder if O lived in Y?



MASTER KENTON TOOK EMERGENCY MEASURES



**NEXT WEEK: The hidden passage!**

# Eagle merit -50- round

## THOU KNOWS

Judge: What's your name?  
Prisoner: Thou knows.  
Judge: Where do you live?  
Prisoner: Thou knows.  
Judge: Where were you last Friday night?  
Prisoner: Thou knows.  
Judge: And what were you doing behind the gasworks at 12.30 a.m.?  
Prisoner: Thou knows.  
Judge: Right, you're fined 50 shillings!  
Prisoner: What for?  
Judge: Thou knows.  
R. Corwell, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.

## LARGE ORDER

Dear Editor,  
One morning my mother had to go out very early, so she left a note for the baker: "PLEASE LEAVE A LARGE FARM-HOUSE. THANK YOU."  
Don't you think this was rather a large order?

L. Leven, Kingswood, Bristol.

This letter by M. Webster wins a Sheaffer de Luxe pen for the best hand-written letter received this week. Get out your pens and see if you can win one!—Ed.

## BAN THE CANE

Dear Editor,  
I agree with S. Rann (Aug. 22nd) on the use of the cane for cases of bullying only, and then punishment should only be administered by the head.  
Bad work, poor attendance, mistakes and disobedience could receive other punishment, such as fines or sports

period stopped.  
If the cane was used for all punishable offences, some pupils would develop a grudge against their teachers, and consequently school work would suffer as no pupil will work well for a teacher they are not on good terms with.  
M. Webster (13), Church Stretton, Salop.

## RANKS

Private Eye.  
Corporal Punishment.  
Major Road.  
General Knowledge.

G. Welford, Leicester.

FROM: P. FITNESS  
SUTTON, SURREY



## THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Gossip is as hard to unspread as butter.  
Paul Eversley, Wothorck, Suffolk.

## BYE, BYE, BIRDIE!

Little boy walks into a shop.  
Little boy: "Mither, do you thail bird thied?"  
Shopkeeper: "Come back when you can speak properly."  
Two weeks later.  
Little boy: "Mither, do you thail bird thied?"  
Shopkeeper: "I said come back when you can speak properly."  
Three weeks later.  
Little boy: "Mister, do you want to buy a dead bird?"  
Peter Whiteby (11), Evington, Leicester.

## FISHY STORY

Dear Editor,  
In a letter printed in the EAGLE recently, Stephen Gillett says that his pet stickleback has disappeared. This happened to me, but I found to my dismay that I had lost two! So if anyone sees two sticklebacks on fishmonger's slab, please let me know.  
H. Vance, Belfast, N. Ireland.

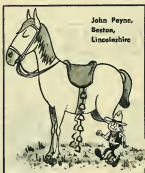
## FOREIGN COMICS

Dear Editor,  
I think I have rather an unusual hobby, which is collecting foreign comics. I have some from Italy, Germany, Belgium, France and one or two from America. As this is an unusual hobby I am wondering if any other readers have it. By the way, of all the comics I can understand, Kanga is far the best.  
D. Payne, Havant, Hants.

## USEFUL TIP

Dear Editor,  
People who live in glass houses should breathe on the windows before taking a bath!

W. R. Lack (14), Wootley, Reading.



## ODE TO MANCHESTER

In Manchester no flowers grow,  
In spite of all its wealth,  
And even Mother Nature's forced  
On to the 'National Health'.  
The angels sent to Manchester  
Wear masks against the smog,  
And carry tiny roller seats  
To help them in the fog.  
Francis Hughes, Manchester, B.

## SOME JUMP

A sailor went daibing along the jetty to a boat just as it was pulling out. He jumped the three or four yards, but as he landed on the boat he hit his head and lay stunned. When he came to, the boat was several hundred yards from the shore. He looked back, blinked and said:  
"Boy, oh boy! What a jump!"  
Stephen Reza, London, S.W.6.

## SALT COLLECTOR

Dear Editor,  
I collect salt. It isn't exactly my hobby, but it is a necessary part of it, for my hobby is chemistry. Salts (for there are many kinds) are an extremely important and useful branch of chemistry. Many are used to cure diseases (in natural mineral springs). There are hundreds of different kinds of salt, but some are very rare. I have about 30, but I am finding it necessary to acquire more.  
B. W. Rayner, Purley, Surrey.

## HOLIDAY BLUES

Dear Editor,  
During my holiday, my family was walking in Frodsham. My mother was getting rather tired and said to my sister: "It'll be glad when this holiday is over—then I can have a rest!"  
K. F. Barton, Liverpool 25.

## TEENAGE CRITIC

Dear Editor,  
I wish to express my opinion on the way our teenage-year-olds behave at the cinema. The last time I went (afterwards I promised myself it would be the last time), children were making utter mistakes of themselves, throwing paper at the screen and at each other. At the interesting parts, the children made as much noise as possible when older, more intelligent people were trying to listen to the dialogue. Yet these unintelligent wild animals lodge protests against teenagers trying to show off that they are a lot older than they are. Now, Editor, let's sit back and watch the complete coming in!

K. Ogden, Ashton, Preston, Lancs.  
Over to the under-twelves!—Ed.

## TELL DAN DARE

Dear Editor,  
If I told you that I had come from a planet circling another star many light-years away, would you believe me? Most people would say No. As a visitor and visitors from outer space who were afraid to say where they came from because they would be called first-class liars.  
D. J. Bradshaw (11), Cheshire.

## HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

Dear Editor,  
I happened to be listening to my radio today when I heard a song called 'Honeysuckle Rose'. One of its lines went roughly like this: 'All the honey bees in the world are envious of my Honeysuckle Rose'. But, as all amateur zoologists should know, bees do not take honey, or 'nectar', from this plant, as it is only a collector of one particular type of moth. This fact to me seems interesting, since there are more species of insect in the world than of all animals put together.  
Have you ever thought that the only place where insects cannot be found is in the sea?

L. Culliford, New Malden, Surrey.



## ODD CUSTOMS

Dear Editor,  
I would like to tell you about two of the customs of a tribe who live in the northern province of Tanganyika, where I used to live, called the Watusi. They make holes out of their ear lobes in order to carry messages in the holes. The second custom is this: When they have an themselves, they entice the snakes to bite them with their long pinners, then they break off the snake's hands, to leaving the pinners to hold the skin together like stitches.  
J. G. Percy (10), Crawley, Sussex.

## WIN 10/-

Have you made up a joke? If so, print it on a postcard, add your own name and address, and send your card to:

EAGLE  
64 Long Lane, London, W.C2  
20/- will be awarded for each letter published. If you make an error, this first to arrive will be chosen.  
IMPORTANT! Fill in the coupon below and paste it on your letter. And don't forget, it must be your own work!  
MY FAVORITE MATHEMATIC IS: [ ]  
THE FEATURE I DON'T LIKE IS: [ ]  
MY AGE IS: [ ]

## CONTRADICTORY PROVERBS

Dear Editor,  
I don't know if you have ever noticed, but several of the proverbs by which we are supposed to set our standards, contradict each other. Here are a few examples:

Great minds run in the same channel;  
Fools think alike.

One man's meat is another man's poison;  
Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.  
A rolling stone gathers no moss;  
A sitting hen never lays.

Too many crooks spoil the broth; Many hands make light work.

With age comes wisdom; Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings come all wise sayings.

Nothing ventured nothing gained; Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.  
Save for a rainy day; Tomorrow will take care of itself.

Life is what we make it; What is to be, will be.

Peter Worley, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.



# BLACKBOW

## THE CHEYENNE

Doctor Jim Burnaby, alias Blackbow, returned to Powder Creek town to find it ruled by tyranny and fear. New lawmen, with fast guns and cold eyes, raised taxes and dealt out brutal 'justice'. Then Jim was taken to the office of Sheriff Hawk and searched.



**Next week: THE SINISTER SENATOR DAWKIN...**

# \*LOOK OUT FOR A THRILLING **FREE** GIFT IN NEXT WEEK'S GRAND BUMPER EDITION!

*There's a great treat in store for all EAGLE readers next week! The paper will be bigger, brighter and better than ever! For as well as including all your regular favourite stories and features, next week's issue will also contain the best of EAGLE'S companion paper, BOYS' WORLD.*

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**EAGLE**  
AND Boys' World

# MINK JOKERS' PAGE



## THE GAME WAS UP IF THE AIRCRAFT SPOTTED THEM...



**D**URING each Air Training Corps camp it is normal to have at least one outdoor exercise involving about 15 miles of walking, map-reading, etc. However, at R.A.F. Watlington last August, something different was planned. The idea was to drop cadets in groups of five about 15 miles from the station with a map of the area. During the return walk to the camp, they had to attempt to remain unobserved by patrols of land-rovers and a low-flying Chipmunk aircraft. Any group spotted would lose points. When they reached the aerodrome they would have to get up to the airfield unobserved and attempt to get some plane from a wrecked Meteor which was surrounded by officers with thunderflashes and rifles with blanks.

The group of cadets led by 17-year-old John Huggins of Boston, a Flight-Sergeant in No. 141 Sqn. A.T.C., were dropped from a berry and they pinpointed their position on the map. Then they started off across the fields, each man watching for various things — one for aircraft, one for road patrols, one for surprise, it worked! The pilot saw

another map-reading, etc. They had gone about half a mile when one of the lads spotted the Chipmunk heading in their direction. There was no cover nearby, so John had to think of something quickly. They all jumped over a hedge into a corn field, grabbed a stick each, and proceeded to imitate farmers cutting the corn. To their surprise, it worked! The pilot saw

them, but apparently thought they were the genuine article and flew on. By the time he realized what they really were, they had found better cover and, though he came round several times, he did not see them.

### A CLOSE SHAVE

They carried on for many miles until they realized that they were lost. Then, seeing two local girls, John walked up to them to ask the way. He had just said: "Can you tell ...?" when a head cry of "Look out — land-rover!" was followed by the five cadets making a gigantic leap over a nearby hedge. The land-rover passed by, leaving five muddy boys, who had landed in a ditch the other side, and two girls helpless with laughter.

Eventually, John and his group got to the airfield boundary unobserved. Then along came another land-rover and again they dived into a ditch. Again they escaped

detection and, as it passed, they all rose from the ditch at once. But just as they put their heads up, the Chipmunk, flying at zero feet, flew overhead, nearly hitting them. But because they were underneath its wing, the pilot did not see them.

### CLEVER RUSE

Finally, they managed to get on to the aerodrome and proceeded through a wood to the crashed Meteor. John left the rest of the group to make their way to the Meteor and attempted to create a diversion. As he rushed across a road, he heard rifle shots and loud 'bangs' as thunderflashes went off. While he was attracting attention to himself, the rest of the group crept across the road and got into the Meteor. The ruse had worked!

After this successful mission, John and the others regrouped and went in for a well-earned tea.

## PUZZLE PARADE ANSWERS!

### AN "ELEPHANT" THROUGH A 'KEYHOLE'

Find the card in half lengthen. Next, capsize exactly with the 'elephant' card, and the 'keyhole' card. The 'elephant' card is the one with the 'elephant' on it, and the 'keyhole' card is the one with the 'keyhole' on it. The 'elephant' card is the one with the 'elephant' on it, and the 'keyhole' card is the one with the 'keyhole' on it.

### INK QUESTION

The answers are the same. Consider an experiment with two mechanical shuttles. The first shuttle is black-pointed playing card (black jack). Shuffle their red cards in 'subsequent' with the black ones and then take four of the most cards and shuffle them with the all-black cards. Now there will be the same number of red cards as black cards in the deck, and the same number of black cards as red cards in the deck.

### MAGIC COUNTING

Here is the easiest way to arrange the pennies:



### ARCH PROBLEM

Both arches are equally wide, but the inward-going straight line makes A seem narrower, while the outward-going straight lines make B seem wider.

### THE CURIOUS DRINK

He can begin by pushing the cork in!

V	M	C	L	A	R	K	R
S	A	C	E	V	E	N	
S	A	N	S	T	E	R	E
I	E	O	R	A	F	T	
S	A	W	E	N	D	L	H
T	H	I	E	R	U	M	B
A	N	T	A	Y	S	O	W
Y	D	G	A	D	S	L	
I	S	K	I	T	T	L	S
S	L	I	P	E	A	R	
Y	S	T	U	R	E	A	N



# the OVERLANDERS

## PART EIGHT

**K**EITH ASTELL stood waiting for the others on the bare hilltop. They walked back to him slowly. They had their fists clenched but there was nothing to fight. The hilltop was empty and deserted in the moonlit darkness.

Blaze Evans said shakily: "But we saw that fort, didn't we, here on this very spot? We saw the soldiers inside it. Mack, it was all so real . . ."

"No, it wasn't, Blaze," Vic Hersey said. "That bloke who led us up here, the one with the bandage on his head, there was something queer about him from the start. I told Keith so. He looked like an English officer . . ."

"They all did, those soldiers in the fort," Keith said. "And they would be English. The fort would be English, too, put up to command the approaches to the Khyber Pass. "There was a fort here, once. Look at these stones."

The heap of squared, crumbled stones at his feet must have been the gateway to the vanished fort. A few more scattered stones, stretching away in parallel lines across the hilltop, marked where the walls had once been. The earth between was bare and flat, beaten out by nailed boots a long time ago.

Sprog Lane said, shivering: "So they were ghosts, the chap in the bandage, the soldiers, the fort as well. But why did we see them tonight? Why was that chap in the bandage so desperate to get us up here?"

Keith looked at Sprog's white face. He said, turning his back abruptly on the hilltop: "I don't know. And we're not going to find out up here. Let's go back to the camp."

The others followed him over the

ridge and down the stony hillside. None of them looked back. The uncanny incident had shaken them all. When they got to the gully, Blaze and Vic silently started to dismantle the tent and the others loaded the trailer.

### A STRANGE STORY

Thunder was still grumbling away to the east in the foothills of the Himalayas as Harry Trig gunned the land-rover along the road. The headlights dug deep holes in the darkness.

They got to Peshawar at dawn. They went off-loading the land-rover in the compound of the hotel where a stocky white man in a faded bush shirt came over and introduced himself. He was a Scot named Mackenzie, an engineer. He invited them to his bungalow for breakfast.

Over the meal, they answered Mackenzie's questions about their journey. None of them mentioned the

Five youngsters from Liverpool were driving overland to Australia. One night near the Khyber Pass in Afghanistan, a strange man in a blood-stained officer's uniform came to their camp and, without speaking, beckoned them to follow him. On the hilltop he led them to, the youngsters saw a fort and its garrison of British soldiers before a flash of lightning blotted out the ghostly vision . . .

incident on the hilltop. Their host looked at them curiously once or twice. They ate little and talked less.

After breakfast, Sprog Lane wandered around the wide living room and looked at the curios hanging on the walls—a Gurkha kukri, an elephant tusk, an Afghan jezail with a silver-chased barrel. He stopped dead beside an old Lee-Enfield army rifle with a deep gash across its wooden stock.

He said, in an odd voice: "Keith, what was the name of that piece we camped at last night?"

"It hasn't got one," Keith said. "There's a pass five miles away called the Rakish Pass."

"And what's the date today?"

"December the twelfth," Mackenzie said.

Sprog jerked his head at the card pinned to the wall under the Lee-Enfield. His voice was shaky. "Take a look at this, then," he said.

Keith and the others got up wonderingly and crowded around the card. The lettering on it was handwritten in faded violet ink. It said: This Lee-Enfield was recovered from Fort Rakish, Afghanistan, after the massacre by the Pathans of its British garrison on the night of 11 December, 1936.

Keith turned away from the card, his fists clenched. Mackenzie looked at him curiously. He said: "That riffs interests you, man?"

"It interests us," Keith said. "Can you tell us anything more about the massacre?"

"Well, I wasn't here then, naturally," the Scot said, "but the story's not forgotten in these parts. There was a British battalion sent up to Rakish that winter to put down a Pathan uprising. Royal Wessex, I believe they were. Early in December they got a report that tribesmen were gathering in a hill village to the south. They left a company in the fort to hold it, and the rest of the battalion marched south."

Mackenzie walked across to the rifle, put his hand on the stock and ran his fingers along the gash in it.

"The report was a trick to draw the troops out of the fort," Mackenzie went on. "Two nights after the battalion had marched out, upwards of three thousand Pathans surrounded Fort Rakish and the company inside it."

"The hundred-odd British soldiers held out for two days and two nights. At sunset on the third day, with their

Continued on Page 17



Keith and the others sat paralysed as the wild elephant thundered down on them . . .



# GOING FISHING

WITH  
JOHNNY  
AND  
OLD  
FRED

THE PIKE ARE  
WELL ON THE MOVE TODAY,  
JOHNNY. SEE HOW THEY  
CHASE THE FLY RIGHT  
OUT OF THE WATER?



NOT MUCH  
GOOD USING A  
WIGGON ON THE  
BOTTOM THEN,  
I SUPPOSE.

OH, I DON'T KNOW.  
PIKE RANGE FAR AND WIDE  
WHEN THEY'RE ON FEED, BUT  
SINCE THEY'RE MOVING SO  
WELL, LET'S TRY PLUGS.

You soon get to know where the weeds lie, and when your plug reaches them, you just stop reeling in until the plug rises above them. The up-and-down motion makes the plug look like a sick fish, too.



AND THIS SEEMS  
TO HAVE A SPECIAL APPEAL  
FOR PIGS - SCAVENGERS  
AND KILLERS THAT THEY  
ARE?



I SHOULD EXPLAIN  
THAT A PLUG FLOATS  
ONLY WHEN IT IS NOT  
BEING USED. THIS VANE  
MAKES IT ONE WHICH  
IT IS REELED IN...

At this time of the year, weeds still haven't died down and pike love to hide in them, waiting to ambush their prey. Some kinds of plug float, so they're just the job for fishing among thick weed patches.



But that's the role nature meant for them, so always return them at once so that they can get on with the job. This 164-pounder went away like a rocket.

## THE WACKS' POP PARADE

**FREE**  
IN **WHAM!**

ON SALE THIS WEEK

A Smashing Colour Album with page after page of pictures and the autographs of your favourite beat stars!

- \* **BEATLES**
- \* **STONES**
- \* **BILLY J.**
- \* **The HONEYCOMBS**
- \* **BILLY FURY**

and many, many others.

**DO NOT MISS your big-beat line up in the Wacks' Pop Parade! It's FREE! In WHAM! this week!**



# HEROS the SPARTAN

In Celtic, barbarian Ireland, Heros and Bograth, a friendly tribesman, were trying to restore a mighty axe to the grave of Argath, dead chief of the Clontars. Along with some iron-fist pirates, they were captured by a tribe of pygmies, called the Molochs. When Heros defeated six of the Molochs with the axe, their chieftain challenged him to a duel in the Lake of Keltus. In the combat, Heros seemed to lie at the Moloch's mercy...



But to Heros's relief, the best swim nobody past him...

THE CREATURE IS BLIND! IT REACTS ONLY TO THE SHELLS OF BLOOD—TALKAR'S BLOOD!

THE BEAST OF THE LAKE—AND I AM WITHOUT A WEAPON TO DEFEND MYSELF!

Next moment, the dark water crashed and a shabby shape swirled up...

Dark was gathering as he reached his way back to the miller, where the Molochs' captives were forced to sell for quarts...

FASTER, DOG—OR WE WILL NOT EVEN SPARE YOU THE MERCY OF A NIGHT'S REST IN THE CELLS!



A PRISON HEWN FROM SOLID ROCK! NOT EVEN THE GIANTS COULD ESCAPE FROM SUCH A STRONGHOLD! YET FOR BOGRATH'S SAKE, I MUST DO WHAT I CAN!

Not until darkness had fallen did Heros move from cover...

THEY HAVE LEFT ONLY ONE SENTRY TO GUARD THE PRISON! IF I CAN ONLY OVERPOWER HIM...



But even as the Moloch chieftain lunged in for the final thrust...

AHH!

YOU FOOL! I WAS NOT AS HELPLESS AS YOU THOUGHT!

The watching Molochs saw the water seethe in a violent flurry of red foam!

THE BEAST STRUGGLED! ONE OF THE COMBATANTS HAD DRAWN BLOOD!

IS IT TALKAR, OR THE TALL ONE? WHICH OF THEM WILL SURVIVE?



But as the seething water became blood, all...

THERE IS NOTHING—ONLY THE BLOOD OF THE CREATURE'S VICTIM! IT HAS TAKEN BOTH OF THEM!

IT IS THE WILL OF THE GODS! COME, MY BROTHERS—WE MUST NOW ELECT A NEW CHIEFTAIN!



BOGRATH! SO HE IS STILL ALIVE—AND DEFIANT AS EVER!

BY VITHRAS! IF IT WAS NOT FOR THESE CHAINS, I WOULD MAKE YOU EAT THOSE ACCURSED WHIPS!



INSIDE—AND HARK! SURELY THAT YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY! FOR YOU WILL NEED ALL YOUR STRENGTH FOR THE TOLL THAT AWAITS YOU!

SIC! THAT'S THEIR PRISON...

With Spartan stealth, Heros followed the trailing column of slaves—until...

But as Heros crept forward, a siren cry shattered the peace...



BY THE GODS—ANOTHER SENTRY!

ANHEEEEE! IT'S THE TALL ONE WHO BROUGHT THE AXE! HE DID NOT DIE IN THE LAKE...



A deadly spear flashed in the moonlight...

THEN HE SHALL DIE NOW! MY SWEAR WILL AVENGE THE SPIRIT OF TALKAR!



And then...

IT IS OVER! HE HAS IMPALED HIMSELF ON THE BLADE OF HIS OWN KNIFE!

ONCE AGAIN, THE GODS HAVE FAVORED ME! BUT NOW I MUST RECOVER THE GREAT AXE—AND RESCUE BOGRATH! ONLY HE KNOWS THE WAY TO THE VALLEY OF THE DEAD.



But at that very moment, Heros was gulping mouthfuls of life...

Next week: **BOGRATH FIGHTS AGAIN!**

# BRITISH OLYMPIC HOPES No. 22 John Herring

## FOR THE RECORD

### 5,000 METRES.

World Records - Vladimir Kutsa (Russia), 13 min. 35.0 sec.

U.K. best - Gordon Pirie, 13 min. 36.8 sec.

Herring's best - 13 min. 51.4 sec.



If you'd asked us at the beginning of this series to name for the 5,000 metres someone called Kipper Herring who was coached by a vet, we would have referred your letter to the jokers' corner! Not that we didn't know John 'Kipper' Herring. He has been a fine club runner with Blackheath Harriers for some years (the club that produced the great Sydney Wooderson). And we also knew the curious fact that he was coached by a vet. No, the point is that when the series began back in May, John Herring didn't seem to stand a chance of Tokyo selection.

John, in fact, had been producing mediocre times, at least by world standards. And Britain's strength at the 5,000 metres seemed world-class anyhow, without trying to think of any new names.

But the whole picture changed in four days in July. John ran a 2 miles race in 8 minutes, 27.6 sec., and followed this up with a 4 minutes, 2.7 sec. mile. From these performances, Britain's Olympic selectors were delighted to learn that (a) Herring had improved tremendously, (b) Herring had good recovery capacity, vital in Tokyo, and (c) Herring was versatile. John, himself, reckons that his best distance is 2½ miles! When John Herring was named for the Tokyo team in August, he had shown British

athletes just how to approach their sport. Though only of good club standard two years ago, he suited for the very top. Not a club or county championship for Kipper, it was Tokyo or bust. Since March, 1963, his training, every grinding mile, had been geared for Tokyo.

Every lunchtime, John leaves his London dockside office - where he works as a Customs officer - and runs to Deptford Park, where he trains for an hour. And at weekends, there's more - much more.

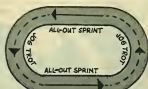
In this year's A.A.A. Championships, Herring (No. 10, pic. above) was willing to



lead a really class field in the 3 miles for most of the race. It was this bold running, at a time when Tokyo tactics seemed to bog our middle-distance men down, that impressed the selectors.

## TIPS FROM THE TOP

"There's no escape from the hard graft of training," warns John. He advises all young athletes to bear this in mind when they are thinking of taking it seriously. It doesn't matter how much you plan tactics, read books on technique, improve your style, and so on, the vital ingredient is hard work in training under a good coach.



John uses this pattern of sprint bursts down the straight during his lunch-time stints to improve his speed.

He may be chasing shadows in Tokyo as well. For the 5,000 metres final will be a check-out of talent, with Russia's Vyacheslav Ivanov, France's Michel Jazy and Australia's Ron Clarke as likely contenders.

## OLYMPIC DANGERMAN



All through the summer it was hoped that Bruce Tulloh would be either our Olympic Hopes or the Dangerman. Alas, it was not to be. Bruce has gone right off form and hasn't even been chosen. So the Dangerman must be the New Zealand school-teacher Murray Hilberg.

22 MEN have been featured in this series. For some, there's been heart-break as injury or loss of form has robbed them of a dream trip to Tokyo. For others, the prize of the Olympic trip has spurred them on to new heights. Next week, the Olympic games will begin, and next week we will mark the occasion with a special free gift - FOUR Olympic medals, PLUS photographs of the favourites and latest views on their prospects. The following week, a great Olympic FREE apple, must will be coming your way. Don't miss this! Place your order NOW!

# the men of H.M.S. EAGLE 'THE SAFETY MAN'

My job on board H.M.S. EAGLE is, briefly, to supervise the maintenance of safety equipment.

First of all there are the parachutes, which are packed and fitted into ejection seats to save the lives of aircrew men when it is necessary to eject. Also with the 'chute there is the dinghy (single-seater) packed away in a Personal Survival Pack containing survival aids - knife, rations, signals, etc.

## BY CHIEF PETTY OFFICER PATRICK FALLAWS, THE SENIOR RATING IN THE SAFETY EQUIPMENT SECTION.

The dinghy is inflated by carbon dioxide, these packs are inspected by me when coming into my section for servicing.

I am also responsible for the issue of Flying Clothing to aircrew

when replacements are necessary. They consist of Protective Helmets, needed when aircrew may have to eject through the cockpit canopy, or in any accident, to protect their heads from serious injury; Immersion Suits for when they come down in the sea in very cold conditions; Life-Saving Waistcoats (Ma e

West's) to keep aircrew afloat until they can climb into their dinghy; and Anti-'G' suits which are fitted to aircrew to prevent 'blackouts' during tight-flying manoeuvres.

Air Ventilated Suits inspected



and issued by me provide relief from the discomfort of high cockpit temperatures, by conveying moving air to the wearer's skin through tubes terminating in jets, located so that the flow of air is directed to all parts of the body. Oxygen Masks inspected and issued from my section are fitted and tested in the oxygen test rig before being taken away. The Personal Equipment Connectors we issue are designed to couple and uncouple aircrew service lines to and from the appropriate aircraft supplies by a simple cut-out in each instance. The five services are telephone/microphone, anti-'G' supply, main oxygen supply, emergency oxygen supply. Flying Overalls issued to all aircrew far wear in certain conditions also provide a means of carrying certain aids to navigation and recording.

So you can see that with all these things to check and look after, and with only a very small staff, I have plenty to do. But it is a responsible and very interesting job, which I find enjoyable.



# Dad may want you to be Prime Minister - But remind him of the chances in soccer!

## SPORTING TALK BY EX-PRO

ton, but he performed the task with practiced skill.

None of the goals he let in were his fault, and, when the final whistle sounded, he was acclaimed a Sunderland hero in an exciting 3-2 draw.

Derek had got away to a flying start in what should prove a famous, and richly-rewarded career. And similar opportunities could arise for other 15-year-olds, now that professional clubs are permitted to approach schoolboys and offer coaching facilities leading to a paid apprenticeship.

In the three years the apprentice system has been working, all but 87 of 121 entrants have made the grade. And what flowing prospects lie ahead for the best of them!

Denis Law has denied a story that Manchester United now pay him as much as £200 per week. Seasonally, players' wages are kept secret now that they negotiate young individuals with their club. But such is Denis' name and fame, I would

estimate it a pretty poor week that he did not pick up twice as much money as the Prime Minister - but only from football wages, but from the outside business interests his football fame have made possible.

How times have changed! My Dad, like most, hoped I would pass the necessary exams to become a bank clerk. When I became a professional sportsman, he was horrified; sport was then considered a pretty minimal occupation.

Dads today must reckon that a birthday present of a guitar, or a pair of football boots, might prove a pretty useful investment. Even if boys don't turn out to be Beatles, they could still keep Dad in reasonable luxury as Denis Law - or Derek Foster.



Fifteen-year-old Derek Foster demonstrates the agility that made Sunderland choose him as their goalie.

**S**UPPOSE the Headmaster were to send for you tomorrow. The shock could be greater than you imagine.

Instead of giving you a wiggling for some long-forgotten madamemoir, his approach could go something like this: -

"Ah, Simpson - I've just been talking to the President of Queens' Park Football Club. He wants you to keep goal in the Cup-tie against Clyde at Hampden Park tomorrow."

Fantasy? No, fact. It happened just like that to Scottish goalkeeper Ronnie Simpson when he was just 14 years of age. Ronnie helped to win a school match in the morning, and the Hampden Cup-tie the same afternoon. He went on to represent Britain in the Olympic Games, and Newcastle United in the Cup Final before he was much older.

It happened, too, in somewhat similar fashion to a handful of English boys who made their League debut at the age of 15 - Albert Geldard for Bradford, in 1909, Ken Roberts for Wrexham, in 1951, and Ronnie Dix for Bristol Rovers, in 1958.

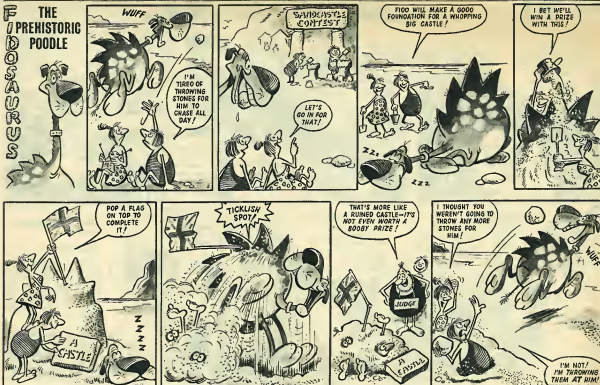
And it happened on the first Saturday of the current English season when newly-promoted Sunderland were in a pickle. Jim Montgomery, their England Under-23 goalkeeper, was injured, and they needed a reliable substitute to keep Leicester City's ace marksmen at bay. So they sent for 15-year-old Derek Foster, who had left school just a few weeks earlier to join Sunderland

as an apprentice professional. Though he'd gained schoolboy caps, this was something different. In his original position of outside-right, Derek could have made a few mistakes and got away with them. But as goalkeeper - at 15 years 185 days, the youngest ever to play in the First Division - Derek knew that his slightest error could cost his team the match.

No wonder Derek failed to get a wink of sleep the night before the game, and walked on to the Roker Park pitch before 15,000 fans with his knees knocking. "What was the worst moment for nerves?" he was asked. "Well, all of them, actually," he replied.

But Derek came through his nerve-racking ordeal with flying colours. Right at the start he was called upon to leap and cut away a stinging shot from Colin Apple-

## THE PREHISTORIC POODLE





# THE HELPLESS CROOK

There is no honour in being a crook — but rarely does one crook unintentionally help the police to catch another. Little did Charlie Miles realize his help as he snatched a briefcase from a parked car and set off down the road. But...

## CAN YOU CATCH A

# CROOK?

ONE MORNING, BRUCE STOPPED A SNEAK-THIEF ON A MANNINGHAM STREET...



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BRIEFCASE AND CAMERA, CHARLIE? DON'T TELL ME YOU FOUND THEM IN A DUSTBIN?

DO ME A FAVOUR, BRUCE. THEY'RE MY OWN GEAR.

ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE. TELL ME WHAT'S IN THE BRIEFCASE.

CLEVER WITH IT EH? O.K., BRUCE, I'LL COME CLEAN. I STOLE IT FROM A CAR IN COLLINGWOOD STREET.



BRUCE ESCORTED CHARLIE BACK TO COLLINGWOOD STREET...



IT ISN'T HERE NOW. HE MUST HAVE GONE.

HE'LL PROBABLY REPORT THE THEFT TO US. LET'S GET BACK TO THE STATION, CHARLIE.

BUT AT THE STATION...



LOOK, DAVE — IT'S STUCK WITH COUNTERFEIT FOUND-NOTES. NO WONDER HE DIDN'T REPORT IT!

YOU BET! ANYHOW, THERE'S A FILM IN THE CAMERA. GET THE POLICE LABS TO DEVELOP IT QUICKLY. MIGHT GIVE US A LEAD.

BRUCE STUDIED ONE OF THE PRINTS FROM THE PROCESSED FILM...

NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE. WE HAVE TO LOOK FOR AN EX-SERVICE TYPE — PROBABLY WITH A DISABILITY PENSION. WE'LL CHECK UP AT THE MINISTRY.

How was Bruce able to make this guess about the man they were looking for? Look carefully at the photo.

AN HOUR LATER, BRUCE'S REASONING WAS CONFIRMED...



WE'VE FOUND THE BLOKE, DAVE. HE LIVES AT TWENTY-ONE, HOOD WAY. HAS AN ARTIFICIAL LEG, TOO.

LET'S TALK WITH HIM. YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US, SID.

AS THEY TURNED INTO HOOD WAY...



THAT'S THE HOUSE DAVE — THE ONE WITH THE TREE.

QUICK, BILL! STOP THAT CAR. I THINK IT'S COME FROM THERE!

Was Bruce just making a guess or had he seen something the other detective had missed. Look carefully.



HE'S OUR MAN, ALL RIGHT. DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY.



YOU RUMBLER ME THROUGH THAT CAMERA-FILM, DIDN'T YOU? IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THAT DIRTY LITTLE THIEF...

LET'S GET HIM INSIDE, BILL.

HE'S MY BROTHER. HE'D NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS LARK. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS THE BLOKE YOU WANTED?

WE WEREN'T SURE. IF IT HADN'T BEEN RAINING, GOT CLEAN AWAY!



Did YOU catch the crook?

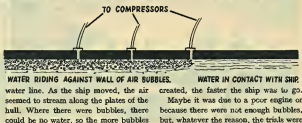
Check below:—

1 The man in the snapshot had fancy tattoos on his arm. A lot of tattoos is a trademark of the army veteran. The walking stick and the stiff left leg suggested that the man was a disabled army veteran.

2 Despite the rain, there was a dry patch in front of the house with the tree. Therefore, Bruce could deduce that the man had had his car parked in front of the house and was now making his getaway.

**NEXT WEEK: SNATCH AND RUN!**

# ODD INVENTIONS



## Air Cushion Craft

**A** FEW months ago, trials began in Chichester harbour of a craft which made a serious attempt at overcoming the problems of friction and resistance of water against the hull of a ship or boat. As with most inventions, including jet propulsion, flying, etc., nature has done it before - and usually much better. In this case it also applies. The porpoise, in order to escape attackers, has developed over a period of millions of years an air lubrication system giving it effortless speed through water.

While leaping out of the water, small air reservoirs under the skin are filled. Then, diving back into the water, these air reservoirs are slowly expended in a fine layer of air bubbles over the skin of the porpoise. This reduces drag to a minimum, enabling this wonderfully graceful mammal to top 60 m.p.h. underwater. The new boat works on the same

principle. This will be the subject of an **EAGLE** cutaway in the near future.

Back to 1882. Gustav de Laval, of Sweden, had given thought to this and took out patents in that year on an air-lubricated ship. Compressors driven by the ship's engine pumped, through a series of pipes, air which was expelled at the ship's side and bottom below the



## 1882

not successful and the project was abandoned.

Now, as with so many inventions seemingly proved useless, the 1960s are seeing them come back to life again. In this case, the invention seems assured of an enormous future. It can work as well on a nine-foot runabout as it can on a 100,000-ton tanker. We will be seeing more of this invention soon.

**NEXT WEEK:  
THE HOVERCARRIAGE**

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

## well! WHAT D'YOU KNOW...



### NO SPARKS ALLOWED

Static electricity is often a threat of wonder or amusement. You've probably heard of 'crackles' when combing your hair, or seen tiny sparks when pulling off a nylon garment. But sometimes it is dangerous. For example, in hospital operating theatres the sparks could cause devastating equipment to explode. So engineers and nurses must wear special Dunlop anti-static footwear which allows static charges to escape to earth.



### SNAPPY LANDING

When the Vickers VC10 touches down at 112 knots, or 125 m.p.h., each of its 6 main wheels carries a load of 10 tons and the gear must be brought to a halt in 10 seconds. These facts show how important the wheels, tyres and brakes are in operating big modern jets. No wonder most of them, including the VC10, are fitted with Dunlop as original equipment.



### FOAM 'TUM' FOR FALSTAFF

The actor playing Falstaff at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre this season is padded out for the part with Dunlopfoam 5,500 sq. ft. of this foam product was ordered for the elaborate costumes in Shakespeare's 'Henry IV, Part 2'. Ordinary padding can be most uncomfortable for actors, but Dunlopfoam is beautifully light and cool. So you see, this Dunlop product does more than make beds, chairs and towels seem more comfortable.

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# ROVING REPORTER



THE MARATHON SUPREMACY RACE OF THE MODERN OLYMPICS STARTS FROM TOKYO AT 11 A.M. ON OCTOBER 21ST. JAPAN, THE HOST COUNTRY, RATE IT THEIR BEST CHANCE FOR A GOLD MEDAL.

As the slim figure of Loues entered the Stadium, two members of the Greek Royal Family left their seats to run alongside the winner to the finishing tape. Loues became the national hero of Greece.



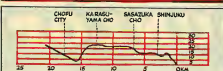
Well-meaning officials picked up the weary Dorando and urged him on past the tape, but though first home, he was disqualified for receiving assistance. After this race, the world went Marathon-mad.



The famous Dorando Marathon caused the race to be treated seriously. Four years earlier, in St Louis, it had been a farce. F. Larc, the first man home, was suspended for life for hitching a lift by car for half the distance. Another was chased a mile off course by an angry dog, while the fourth runner home was a postman who had no running shorts so cut down his ordinary trousers!



The Tokyo Marathon will be run over a tough, hilly course which suits the Japanese. Runners will do 1½ laps of the Stadium and leave by the Sendagaya Gate on the ancient Koshu Kaido trading route, now with a modern road surface. They turn near Chofu City and return to the Stadium by the same route.



Abebe, an Ethiopian running barefoot, won the 1960 Olympic Marathon in a record 2 hrs. 15 min. 16.2 sec.



Britain has a fine Marathon team with a good chance of success. One of our leading hopes is K.A.A. Marathon Champion Brian Kilby.

When the Olympic Marathon was first staged at Athens in 1896, news of the race was brought to the Stadium by horseman. What excitement there was when it was learnt that Loues, a Greek, was ahead!



It was the 1908 race from Windsor Castle to London which fixed the Marathon distance at 26 miles, 385 yards. A little Italian, Pietro Dorando, led into the Stadium, but inside he took the wrong turning and collapsed.



Next week: **SHOCKS OF THE OLYMPICS!**

Continued from Page 8

# the OVERLANDERS

ammunition almost gone, they knew that unless the rest of the battalion came soon they would be overrun by the Pathans. They sent one man, on his own, to get through the Pathan lines and bring help."

Keith stirred. He said quietly: "That man was an officer, wasn't he? A young officer?"

Mackenzie looked at Keith sharply. "He was, as a matter of fact. A subaltern. The Pathans must have caught him and killed him, because he never got through to the battalion and no one ever found his body. The Pathans overran Fort Rekloh at midnight on the third day. They massacred the garrison to a man. That happened on December the eleventh, exactly twenty-seven years ago last night."

Mackenzie watched the youngsters carefully. He said: "There are a lot of local superstitions about the massacre, naturally. One of them is rather curious. The tribesman around Rakloh say that the spirit of the young British officer who was sent to get help cannot find rest in his grave, that his ghost still haunts the hills, trying to lead travellers to the fort and his doomed comrades."

Of course it's just a superstition. I never met any people myself who'd seen this ghost."

"You've met some people who have now, Mr Mackenzie," Keith said quietly. He told the Scot about their uncanny

adventure of the night before.

Mackenzie listened in silence to the end. He said then, slowly: "It all fits in, doesn't it? Ay, 'tis a very remarkable experience you've had. And I'd say, though I'm not a fanciful man, that no living creature will ever set eyes on you ghost in the blood-stained bandage again."

"Why do you say that?" Keith asked. "Well, he brought help to his comrades at last, didn't he?" Mackenzie said. "In all this time, the only men he ever appeared to were hillmen and natives who took to their heels and fled the moment they saw the ghost. But you didn't. You followed him back to the fort. And maybe now he'll feel that he's carried out the mission he was sent to do on that night. Maybe now he'll lie easy in his grave."

## LONG JOURNEY

Keith thought about the Scot's words all the rest of the day. Perhaps the Overlanders had brought peace at last to the troubled region of the soldiers who had died in Fort Rekloh that wild night twenty-seven years ago.



The Overlanders left Peshawar next day. The grinding five-week journey across northern India and Pakistan, through Delhi and Lucknow to Imphal on the Burma border, drove the strange incident of the ghost lost into the dark corners of their memory.

They drove south from Imphal on the legendary road to Mandalay, through the jungle which had seen so much bitter fighting in the Japanese invasion of Burma in the Second World War. It was an echo of the war that plunged them into their next adventure.

One day on the road between Indaw and Shwebo, in the last hot hour of sunlight, Harry Trigg esied the land-rover across the verge towards a clearing in the jungle.

As it happened, this clearing was a bad one for a camp.

Harry was about to turn the truck

back on to the road when Sprog Lene said: "Look—there's a track over there. Why don't we follow that? There may be a village further on."

The track was overgrown but wide. Harry took the land-rover along it in low gear. After a couple of hundred yards it widened into a mossy clearing with a stream purling across it, a perfect spot to pitch the tent.

## WILD ELEPHANT

The land-rover was halfway across the clearing when the silence was shattered by a screaming, trumpeting roar from the jungle behind it. Keith Astell wrenched around in his seat. The bushes there were threshing wildly as a heavy body crashed through them.

Keith shouted: "Look out, Harry!" at the same moment that the elephant burst into the clearing.

It was a wild tucker, a big one. Its trunk was lifted and its tattered ears swept wide as it checked and fixed big eyes on the land-rover and came chattering down with a scream of rage.

Harry must have jammed his foot on the accelerator in the first moment of panic! The land-rover slewed suddenly on a soggy patch of moss. The wheels cut through the grass and spun uselessly, digging deep trenches in the soft mud as Harry desperately gunned the engine.

Keith and the others just sat there in paralysed horror as the trapped land-rover shuddered and the wild elephant thundered down on them...

**NEXT WEEK: STRANGE HOME**

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D.P. 313, 1984



# HIT-PARADE GUITAR



**G**UITARS have been popular musical instruments for hundreds of years. They all stem from the Spanish guitar, which first found its way into South America during the time of Cortez, then went to Mexico, and eventually became the most popular of instruments with settlers, travellers and folk of the American midwest.

Guitars can be divided into five groups or types. Shown round the main illustration are four of them.

The fifth will be dealing with at length. (A) is the original Spanish guitar. Round sound hole, deep resonant sound, gut or nylon strings stopping at the bridge. (B) Cello guitar. Shaped sound holes. This is the rhythm-type guitar used by dance bands, etc. It has steel strings connected to a tailpiece. (C) Jumbo guitar. A cross between the previous two. Used for Country and Western. Round sound hole and steel strings stopping at bridge. A very thick sound-hole. (D) Solid guitar. This is purely an electric machine. Without electronics, not a sound would come out of it. All sounds are electronically produced. In fact, it need not be 'guitar-shaped' at all.

Now we come to one of the latest and most efficient machines available today. Although requiring sound amplification, it does have a sound-hole. That is, guitar music is produced within the guitar without the aid of electronics. It requires amplification only to enable people to hear it if they are more than a few feet away. This type is called the semi-acoustic guitar.

This particular type of guitar has been chosen as the subject because groups like the Beatles use it. It is much heavier than one would expect for its size and, at first, to someone who does not know about these things, it seems very complicated. But, taken stage by stage, everything soon fits into place.

## THE GUITAR

(1) Worm gear for tightening the steel strings. Worm gear makes very precise stringing possible. (2) Where the strings pass from the tension points to the neck, (3), are small guide grooves. This part is called the nut. (4) Frets. Twenty-one pieces of brass set into the neck of the machine at very precise and critical positions. (5) Bridge. At one time, the bridge of a guitar was made of a piece of wood or bone. On this machine, it is a complicated piece of equipment with a screw adjustment for string height and length. As the bass

strings are thicker and stronger, they need more length to have the same amount of 'give'. Therefore, the saddle or points where the strings pass over the bridge are adjustable. This saddle of the bass string is always set farther from the nut than the treble strings. (6) (A) and (B) Magnetic pick-ups. They pick up the musical vibrations and convert them to electronic vibration. (6) (A) Would be used by the bass guitarist and (6) (B) by the solo guitarist. (The rhythm guitarist uses a combination of both.) The switch, (7), can be set to three positions which will bring into use both or one or the other of the pick-ups. By strumming closer to the bridge, a higher pitch sound is emitted. (8) On the left, tone, on the right, volume, for the bass pick-ups. (9) Similar controls for the solo or treble pick-up. By careful co-ordination, many variations of sound can be achieved. (10) Tailpiece. Pur-



The Beatles

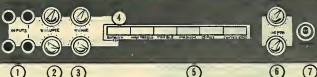
Woods are selected for looks as well as function. (13) Known as an F-hole because of its shape, it is not quite so important on an electric guitar. A line from the points in the centre of the F, taken across, should denote the position of the bridge. On a good non-electronic guitar this would be a point to look for. (14) The bass strings are made with a steel core, bound either with bronze, copper tape, or wire. Close inspection will reveal the type. (15) The treble strings are just three thicknesses of steel wire. (16) These two dots give the player quick location of the 12th fret, which is important when tuning. (17) Palm rest. (18) Electronic control bay.

## THE AMPLIFIER AND SPEAKERS

These are now in one unit. The amplifier enlarges the sounds more than 100-fold, then pushes it through the pair of speakers.

A typical control panel on the amplifier unit (below) gives an idea of the variations available to sound reproduction.

(1) Individual guitars are plugged into these sockets. With a big group, they would have one amplifier each to achieve maximum power to rise above the screams,



but usually the lead would have one and rhythm and bass would share one. (2) and (3) Manual controls to give even more variations of tone and volume. These are used only when the rotary control, (4), is in use. By switching off the rotary control and using the individual controls, (5), the group can change volume, etc., to their own requirements. (6) Tremolo speed. When this is brought in, an adjustable vibration or echo accompanies the sound. (7) Power switch. With thousands of groups forming all over the world, it is not surprising that these superb pieces of machinery become more and more complicated—and better.

If you and a couple of friends are thinking of starting up, these particular outfits will set your money boxes and savings banks back by somewhere in the region of £1,000!

(TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE AND INFORMATION FROM MINNIS OF BOURNEMOUTH)

J.H. Fairclough

WHEN District Officer Lohard heard rumours of unrest among the Ashubo tribe deep in the interior, he sent N'vog, his best scout, to investigate. N'vog's report confirmed his worst suspicions.

The district officer's keen brain raced. If trouble was to be averted, he would have to act without delay.

He would have to make a personal visit to the Ashubo village with the one man who might be able to help out in a situation like this. Coblin . . .

"In the old days," said Coblin from the depths of a cane-backed chair on the sunlit verandah, "you'd probably have sent in armed troops."

"Now we've just got you," said Lohard with a nervous grin.

Coblin rose and stretched. "Special agent Coblin, eh? Send for him in an emergency and results are guaranteed."

"I certainly hope so," said the district officer fervently. "You've dealt with—er—emergencies like this before, haven't you?"

"Not so far from here, Mr. Lohard."

"We—er—should start right away. It'll take us at least five hours."

Coblin nodded. "Right," he said.

They set off by jeep through the arid country.

Coblin's snap-froid was recourising, but Lohard was still worried. Sometimes, even

In the old days,  
they would have

sent in  
armed troops . . .

# SPECIAL AGENT

"We'll be there soon," Coblin said.

The jeep roared into a broad clearing and screeched to a dust-flared halt.

Immediately, the two men were surrounded by jabbering natives clad only in loins cloths.

Coblin forced open the door, stretched his long arms and legs and yawned.

The district officer, whose legs felt shaky as he set them on the ground, couldn't help but admire his coolness.

Coblin stared around over the bobbing heads and saw the big but with the slender steel structure rising behind it. In the doorway stood the powerful chief of the Ashubo, clad in leopard skins.

"I'll handle this alone," Coblin told Lohard. "Give me half an hour—and don't let anyone else in."

The district officer nodded, tight-lipped. "You can rely on me."

The waiting was the worst. The people of the Ashubo tribe sat in a massive circle

around the chief had dirty, low and continuous.

At last the chief rose, clipped speech in Ashubo dialect had the tribe leaping to their feet.

They poured past Coblin and Lohard into the hut.

Coblin wiped the perspiration from his brow with a handkerchief.

"Everything—under control?" whispered the district officer.

Coblin nodded. "When it comes to repairing a television set, I'm a pretty handy bloke to have around."



## COMPLETE SHORT STORY

a man with Coblin's exceptional ability could do nothing. What happened there—with just the two of them against the massed might of the Ashubo tribe?

He couldn't repress a shudder.

"You—yes've got all you need, have you?" asked the district officer.

The other nodded easily, staring ahead through the windscreen.

"We turn off here," he said at last.

Lohard spun the wheel and the jeep bounced off the road on to a track that led through a shrub-covered wilderness.

Startled birds rose screaming and flapping into the air.

Junior and Mr Lemm of the Daily Globe, and their friend 'Scop' Sharp had been captured by pirates. They manage to escape—'taking the phrase captain with them. But they land on an iceberg . . .

## JUNIOR-REPORTER



CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or offered to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

THE MEKON HAD  
GIVEN AN ORDER!

ALL  
TREENS  
MUST DIE!  
TAKE NO  
PRISONERS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE STRONGHOLD  
OF THE LAST THREE...

YOU MUST  
DIE, DAN  
DARE!

AND ALL TREENS MUST DIE, THE PRESENT  
RACE HAS FAILED DEFEATEDLY TO GAIN SUPREME  
INTERPLANETARY POWER, SO AT THE MEKON'S  
COMMAND WE HAVE DEVISED A NEW TREEN.  
MILLIONS WILL BE EVOLVED TO REPLACE THE FAULTY  
TREENS EVEN NOW BEING EXTERMINATED!

BACK IN MEKONGIA, THE  
HEAVILY-ARMED MEKON  
TREENS DESCENDED UPON  
SONDAR'S PALACE...

HERE THEY COME, SONDAR! AT  
LEAST WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!

RAINLY, DAN TRIED TO STRIKE OUT AT THE EVIL  
CREATURE FLOATING BEFORE HIM...

YOUR PUNY EFFORTS WILL GAIN  
YOU NOTHING, EARTHMAN, AND  
NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE WILL  
STOP THE NEW TREENS BRINGING  
VENUS, EARTH AND ALL THE  
PLANETS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM  
UNDER SCIENTIFIC TREEN  
CONTROL!

IN HIS FLOATING CITADEL, THE MEKON  
WATCHED THE GALLANT FIGHT OF COLONEL  
BANGER AND PRESIDENT SONDAR, AND  
WHEN THEY WERE FINALLY OVERPOWERED...

WE  
SHALL SPARE  
YOUR LIVES  
IF YOU TELL  
US WHERE  
DAN DARE  
IS HIDING!

HE'S  
HIDING  
NOWHERE!  
HE'S GONE TO  
SORT OUT  
THE LAST  
THREE OF  
VENUS!

IN AN URGENCY Akin TO PINQ,  
THE MEKON TURNED TO HIS  
STRANGE LINK WITH THE  
WEIRD LAST THREE OF VENUS!

THE  
EARTH LETTER  
'D' FOR DARE—  
SO HE HAS  
FOUND THE LAST  
THREE!

THE MEKON KNEW OF THE COURAGE OF  
DAN DARE. HE HAD EXPERIENCED HIS  
SKIN DETACHMENT NEVER TO BE  
BEATEN—AND HE FEARED FOR THE LAST  
THREE WHEN Faced BY HIS GREATEST  
ENEMY! SO...

RELEASE  
THE PRISONERS!  
WE MUST RETURN  
TO THE CITADEL AT  
ONCE—BY ORDER  
OF THE MEKON!

TO THE TREENS, THE MEKON'S WORD WAS A  
COMMAND, AND DISOBEDIENCE NO MATTER  
WHAT THE EXCUSE, MEANT DEATH!

WE WERE  
SAVED BY THE  
BELL, EH,  
SONDAR?

MINUTES LATER, THE TERRIBLE  
STRONGHOLD OF THE MEKON ROSE  
FROM THE COLOURED WATERS OF  
LAKE MEKONGIA AND BORE THE EVIL  
GREEN GENIUS AND HIS RUTHLESS  
ARMY TOWARDS THE FLAME LANDS...

BUT THE MAN THE  
MEKON HASTENED  
TO DESTROY WAS  
PLUMMETING TO AN  
UNKNOWN FATE...

AAAAH!  
I'M  
FALLING!

DAN FELT FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY THROUGH  
THE MIST OF SEETHING FIRES, UNTIL IT SEWED  
HIM ON TO A SLAB OF ICY, VILE-  
SMELLING ROCK...

WHAT  
PLACE IS  
THIS?

THIS IS THE PLACE  
CALLED LIFE—THE  
PLACE OF YOUR  
EXTERMINATION AND  
DEATH!

Don't forget—there's another  
Dan Dare adventure in  
'The People' every Sunday!

**Next week: THE FATE OF DAN DARE!**